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NOMAD™

EX-BUCKY vs. EX-CAPTAIN AMERICA!

30TH ANNIVERSARY 1962 1992

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

Sandra Scoppa Hawkeye
Mark McKenna

Jack Monroe. A failed super soldier. A fallen super hero. A reluctant "father." Wandering the highways and byways of this vast land, Monroe tries to discover himself, by discovering America.

Stan Lee ***presents*** **NOMAD**

L.A.X. AT NIGHT.

LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. ALL THE HUBBUB OF *O'HARE* AND *KENNEDY*, BUT ONLY HALF THE CALORIES.

IT'S 11:58 AT NIGHT. *BUCKY* SHOULD BE SLEEPING.

I SHOULD BE WATCHING *LENO* INTRODUCE HIS FIRST GUEST.

INSTEAD I'M STAKING OUT THE CARGO TERMINAL HERE, TRYING TO SNAG SOME TRUTH OUT OF THIN AIR.

I'VE BEEN IN L.A. FOR A MONTH NOW.

HOOKED UP WITH SOME INFORMATION BROKERS CALLED THE *UNDER-GROUNDERS*.

THEY TOLD ME ABOUT SOME *HEAVY* ACTIVITY PLANNED FOR THE AREA. A CONFERENCE OF SOME KIND IN *VEGAS*.

GREAT, I FIGURE, NOW THEY'RE HAVING ORGANIZED MEETINGS FOR *ORGANIZED CRIME*!

KAA JOO WHOO?

BUCKY CAN'T BELIEVE IT EITHER. SHE'S *SO* CYNICAL.

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WAITTAMINNIT-- SHE COOED-- ?

HER LIPS *ALWAYS* STAY ZIPPED DURING A STAKEOUT--!

UNLESS...

FSHANG

CAP--?

CAPTAIN AMERICA--?!

JACK MONROE--

NO, NOT CAP-- POSTURE--VOICE-- ALL WRONG-- THEN *WHO* ?

--FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT--

THE AGENTS OF QUESTIONABLE ETHICS

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--YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

CLOWN CALLS HIMSELF *U.S. AGENT.*

HE'S A PHYSICALLY-ENHANCED *SUPER-SOLDIER* FOR THE SUITS AND TIES.

EVEN MORE THAN *ME*, A CAPTAIN AMERICA WANNABE.

HE'S *BIGGER* THAN ME, *FASTER*, *STRONGER*-- MEANS I GOTTA PLAY THIS HARD AND TIGHT--

GEH HEH SHOO

OUCH

KCHANG

BUCKY'S LAUGHIN' AT ME. GREAT, THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

I DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S ON ME LIKE CORRUPTION ON A POLITICIAN, BUT I CAN TAKE A GUESS.

I RAN INTO SOME TROUBLE IN ALASKA A FEW MONTHS AGO.

DIDN'T SIT WELL WITH THE POLITICIANS AND PLAY-MAKERS.

MONROE...

I MEAN, FOR REAL, THIS IS A GUY WHO RACKS *GRENADA* UP AS A MAJOR MILITARY VICTORY FOR DEMOCRACY!

...DON'T MAKE ME BREAK YOUR NECK, PUNK!

AND SINCE I DON'T LIKE THE TUNE, WHY DANCE THE DANCE?

LET'S CALL IT A NIGHT. NO KISSING ON THE FIRST DATE.

KAPOW

WELL, OKAY THEN, ONE LITTLE KISS.

GUN'S NOT LOADED, BUT AT *THIS* RANGE, POPPING A BLANK WILL SCRAMBLE HIS EQUILIBRIUM *BIG TIME*.

CAN YOU SAY, "*RICE PUDDING*?" THAT'S WHAT HIS HEAD MUST FEEL LIKE RIGHT NOW.

NAIL 'IM WHILE HE'S OUT OF IT.

HEY, I'M NOT *PROUD*, OKAY?

NOW TO FIGURE OUT WHO WAS FRONTING HIM.

U.S. *FEEB* IS SPANDEX, SO RULE OUT THE *C.I.A.* OR *F.B.I.*

COULD BE THE *AVENGERS*? *NAH*. WHAT DO THEY CARE?

COULD BE THE *COMMISSION ON SUPERHUMAN ACTIVITY*? THEY'VE GOT A GRUDGE.

COULD BE *K.C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND* LOOKING FOR THEIR NEXT HIT, FOR ALL I KNOW!

HOW DO I FIND OUT?

GET THERE ON THE ROAD THAT BROUGHT ME HERE. THE UNDER-GROUNDERS.

NORRIS-- DO YOU SEE HIM--?

YUP.

SHOULD WE FOLLOW HIM?

NO, THANK YOU. I LIKE MY JAW UNBROKEN. MY SPLEEN UNVENTED. MY SANDWICHES UNKNUCKLED.

YOU'RE *AFRAID* OF HIM?

I AM... *AWARE*-- OF HIM, *MRS. STERMAN.*

MS.

NOT UNTIL YOU STOP USING YOUR *EX*-HUSBAND'S NAME.

HEY-- U.S. CHOWDERHEAD-- YOU OKAY?

YEAH...

WHAT A SHAME.

NO ONE TALKS TO ME LIKE THAT, NORRIS--*SHIELD AGENT* OR NOT--!

BOTH OF YOU--*STOP!* FACE IT-- WE BLEW IT!

WE WERE GOING TO TAKE IT *SLOW*, REMEMBER?

WHY RUSH HIM OUT IN THE FIELD LIKE THIS?

WE COULD HAVE FOLLOWED HIM TO HIS HOTEL AND TAKEN HIM DOWN WHILE HE WAS ON THE *TOILET!*

LET'S JUST GET BACK AND WORK OUR OTHER LEADS!

MY RENT-A-HEAP TAKES ME WHERE I WANT TO GO WITH A *MINIMUM* OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

PASS BY MIATAS WITH CAR PHONES, PORSCHES WITH TELEVISION SETS, LIMOS WITH HOT TUBS... YOU NAME IT.

IN THIS CITY, A CAR ISN'T SOMETHING *USED* TO GET YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO *GO*--

--IT'S SOMETHING YOU *USE* TO SHOW WHERE YOU'VE *GOTTEN*.

I HIT *CARNEY'S* BURGER JOINT ON *SUNSET*.

SLINGIN' GREASE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY.

THE FRIES ARE SO WET THEY SHOULD BE ON A SWIMSUIT CALENDER.

MY KIND OF PLACE.

SLOW NIGHT?

BY ONE IN THE MORNING, THE HOLLYWOOD YUPPIES ARE GONE AND THE NIGHT SHIFT MOVES IN.

THEY'RE *ALL* SLOW.

THAT'S THE TIME OF NIGHT THE *UNDER-GROUNDERS* COME OUT TO PLAY.

HEY... WANT A SHAKE WITH YOUR BURGER?

ALREADY HAD ONE, THANKS.

HEY, BOY, KEEP YOUR EYES OFF THE MEAT WHEN YOU'RE ON THE BEAT!

HORIZON. CALLED THAT BECAUSE HE CAN ALWAYS SEE WHAT'S COMING.

FOLLOWED THE BROOKLYN DODGERS OUT HERE IN '58. BEEN MISERABLE EVER SINCE. SHOULD'VE SEEN IT COMIN'.

HORIZON. PRETTY BOY.

HEY, JACK. FUN NIGHT?

LOTS OF SHOTS FIRED. NONE OF THEM HIT THE TARGET.

SHAME. AIRPORT'S FINE BY ME. QUICK LIMO RIDES. FIFTY BUCKS.

WHAT CAN I GETCHA?

THIS BOTTLE. BUT WARMED UP. NOT TOO HOT. THANKS.

SO YOU'RE SAYING THE TIP HORIZON GAVE YOU WAS A BUST?

LEGS. HOW'S THE WALKING TONIGHT?

BAD ON THE FEET, GOOD ON THE WALLET.

AND SINCE WHEN DO HORIZON'S TIPS TURN SOUR?

THE TIP WAS ON THE MONEY. SOMETHING WAS GOING DOWN AT LAX.

NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHAT, THOUGH.

GOT INTER-RUPTED? NOT SURPRISED.

WORD IS YOU'RE A WALKING GOVERNMENT FILE ABOUT A MILE LONG.

UNTIL WE SEE MORE OUT OF YOU THAN *MOUTH*, WHY SHOULD WE GO OUT OF OUR WAY TO HELP YOU?

LET ME SEE THE KID.

BUCKEEE-- BABEEE-- GIVE ME THE TALK.

FEGJOU SHAFF.

WAIT A MINUTE, HERE--

--DIDN'T I SHAKE DOWN THAT CUSTOMER OF YOURS WHO PLAYED A BIT TOO ROUGH?

DIDN'T I GET PRETTY BOY OUT OF THAT *SETUP* WITH THE PRODUCER ON SATURDAY NIGHT ?

DEEDS, INDEED, JACK -- BUT YOU'RE SLAPPIN' AIR ABOUT A JOB HERE, A JOB THERE--

--WE'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT A *CAREER*.

I CAN'T BE WHAT *YOU'RE* ABOUT UNTIL I KNOW WHAT *I'M* ABOUT.

YER WARM BOTTLE.

THANKS.

DO YOU GUYS SEE WHERE I'M COMING FROM ?

SEE THROUGH YOU LIKE GLASS, JACK.

WE *KNOW* WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT.

YOU GOT A JONES FOR THE *SPANDEX*.

YOU'RE A *SUPER HERO*, JACK.

RIGHT WRONGS. SOLVE PEOPLE'S PROBLEMS.

NO... THAT'S NOT RIGHT...

IF YOUR WORDS ARE TRUE, WHY YOU CHASED BY THE RED-WHITE-AND BLUE?

STREETS SAY *CAP'N AMERICA* HIMSELF BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YOU.

CAPTAIN -- GEEZ -- MAN...

THE IDIOT IN QUESTION IS NAMED U.S. AGENT!

HE'S WORKING WITH THE GOVERNMENT-- THEY'RE ON ME BECAUSE I BLEW THEIR DIRTY DEAL IN ALASKA.

BUT IT ENDS TONIGHT. WITH YOUR HELP.

JAMMIN' ON THE MAN? COOL. WHAT'S THE PLAN?

I NEED ONE PERSON. A WALKER. NO PAIN. GUARANTEED.

HOW MUCH DOES THE ROCKPORT GET FOR THIS ANAESTHETIC ASSIGNMENT?

FIFTY. MORE IF I SCORE.

WHERE AND WHEN?

ONE HOUR. *WEST PICO.* THE *GARRAHY.*

I'D BETTER HOLD ONTO BUCKY-BABY.

THAT'LL BE A *BUCK* FOR WARMIN' THE BOTTLE.

UHM... JUST YANKIN' YA...

THE POSEIDEN RESTAURANT ON MELROSE AVENUE.

YES, SIR?

LOOKING FOR A PARTY OF THREE. DON'T KNOW WHOSE NAME THEY'D BE UNDER.

YOU TWO SHOULDN'T BE DRINKING.

WALKER... LIGHTEN UP...

MAYBE THAT EXPLAINS YOUR POOR PERFORMANCE EARLIER, NORRIS.

SEE THEM YET, SIR?

I HEAR THEM.

WHAT? WE DECIDED NOT TO SANCTION MONROE BECAUSE I'M HAVING A DRINK NOW?

YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN, NORRIS.

BOYS, PLEASE.

A S.H.I.E.L.D. WEST COAST CONTACT IS MEETING US HERE. WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF HE SAW WE WERE ONE BIG, HAPPY FAMILY?

YOU KIDS RAN A *REAL* SMOOTH OP AT LAX TONIGHT.

OH, NOT *YOU*...

NORRIS. THRILLED TO SEE YOU.

MRS. STERMAN. MR. WALKER.

I'M *JEREMIAH ALBUQUERQUE*. S.H.I.E.L.D. OPERATIONS LIAISON. AND YOU GUYS SURE NEED SOME LIAI-SONING, *HUH?*

IF YOU MAKE *ANY* MORE NOISE ON THIS ONE, YOU'RE UP THE CREEK AND *I'M* YOUR PADDLE.

NO, WE'RE FLUENT IN *GUMSHOE*.

DO YOU NEED A TRENCH-COAT TRANS-LATION?

GOOD.

JUST GET THE JOB FINISHED AND *STOP* EMBARRASSING THE AGENCY.

I DON'T NEED THIS-- I'M AN *AVENGER!*

WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?

WE WAIT UNTIL THE STAKEOUT WITH *SMITHSON* PANS OUT.

THE *GARRAHY* IS A DIVE ON WEST PICO, BUT AT TEN BUCKS A NIGHT, IT'S AN AFFORDABLE DIVE.

WHOEVER'S *TAIL-ING* MY STAND-IN WILL FOLLOW HIM, NAIL MY ROOM NUMBER AND CALL THE GOVERNMENT BOYS.

GARRAHY 312

PRS 7 8 9 *

beep beep

THE *POCKET-PAGER!* SMITHSON'S CAUGHT MONROE MOVING!

AND YOU BOYS STICK *ME* WITH THE BAR TAB?

THE BLACK SEDAN WITH THE THREE STOOGES PULLS UP TEN MINUTES LATER.

THEY GET A WHIFF OF THE STREET. THROWS THEM OFF-BALANCE. MY ADVANTAGE.

LIVE SHOWS! LIVE SHOWS! FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

VID
SEX TOYS

I RECOGNIZE THE WOMAN. FROM *ALASKA*. STERMAN, A FED-PSYCHIATRIST. SOLD ME UP THE RIVER, THEN SHE THREW ME A LIFE-PRESERVER.

THE BIG GUY MUST BE U.S. AGENT. THE OTHER GUY I'M NOT KNOWING FROM ADAM.

C'MON LIL' LADY--BIG BOYS YOU'RE WITH...

THEY'RE GOOD AT BREAKING THINGS... LIKE FINGERS...

SMITHSON?

GARRAHY HOTEL. *ROOM 312*. HE'S ALONE.

GOOD WORK. STAY HERE, WATCH THE ALLEYS.

BUT...

SMITHSON--

I GOT 'IM, MR. NORRIS.

"--YOUR SECURITY CLEARANCE WON'T COVER WHAT WE'RE ABOUT TO DO..."

HURRY UP AND CHANGE, WALKER.

BRILLIANT. USING SPANDEX-SOLDIERS ON COVERT MISSIONS...

OKAY -- 312 -- THIS IS IT.

AGENT -- YOU READY--?

YEAH. I'M READY.

AGENT -- YOU WANT TO KNOCK--?

312

SURE.

NO KIDDING.

CHAK SH

ANDIE, HANG BACK-- STAY OUT OF THE FIRELINE.

JACK MONROE -- YOU ARE UNDER A--

--HUH--? WHO'RE YOU--?

I'M THE DECOY. YOU CAPTAIN AMERICA?

DECOY?

IT'S A SETUP! MONROE SUCKERED US IN--!

WHERE IS HE?

WHY DON'T YOU TRY...

...RIGHT BEHIND YOU--?

NOTHING MOVES EXCEPT FOR YOUR MOUTHS. SO, TALK.

THE COMMISSION WANTS YOU APPREHENDED.

OR DEAD.

NO-- JUST APPREHENDED.

SO THEY BREAK THEIR RED-WHITE-AND-BLACK BABOON OUT--

--CALL IN A FEW-- WHAT? S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS--?

WE CAN WORK SOME-THING OUT, MONROE.

OH, I'M JUST SURE WE CAN, MR.--

NORRIS.

WHATEVER.

THEY *HAD* ME ONCE. A WHILE AGO.

TRIED TO MAKE ME "*WORK OUT.*"

PUMPED ME FULL OF *DRUGS.*

TAUGHT ME THE WORLD ACCORDING TO *NIXON.*

IT'S *NOT* GOING TO HAPPEN AGAIN!

I *BELIEVED* IN THIS COUNTRY!

I BOUGHT INTO ALL THE BULL ABOUT MOM'S *APPLE PIE!*

BUT I WAS *WRONG*-- NOW-- I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* TO BELIEVE IN --

HEY, JACK-- JOIN THE CLUB-- I'M YOUR TYPICAL POST-WATERGATE YUPPOID MYSELF.

AND *THIS* CLOWN?

HE'S BEEN USED AS MUCH AS I HAVE--

--LOOK HOW HE *STILL* BITES THE HOOK EVERY TIME THEY DROP IT!

YOU DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT WHAT MAKES ME TICK, PUNK...

BUT I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT WHAT MAKES *YOU* TICK, JACK.

WHY ARE *ALL* THE SPANDEXERS FASTER THAN ME?

MMRRFF

YEAH. POPPED BLANKS AT ME EARLIER, RIGHT?

TRYING NOT TO KILL ANYONE, RIGHT?

319

THUMP

RIGHT.

SO POINTING YOUR SHOT-GUN AT ME ISN'T MUCH OF A THREAT, IS IT?

YOU IDIOTS-- MOVE AWAY FROM --

HE WAS GOING TO SAY, "THE WINDOW."

AH--IDIOTS! GET BACK HERE!

OUT IN PUBLIC THEY TAKE THIS? IDIOTS!

HOLY JAMOCHIE!

I MAY NOT FALL TOO WELL--

--BUT I LAND WITH THE BEST OF THEM!

STEROID-MAN, ON THE OTHER HAND--

SHAKT

--BUT I LAND WITH THE BEST OF THEM!

STEROID-MAN, ON THE OTHER HAND--

--KNOWS HOW TO USE THAT SHIELD.

ENOUGH, MONROE--IT'S OVER--

SMAK

--NNFF--

--HEY--MY GUN--

HIS GUN--UNLIKE MINE--

JACK--WHAT ARE YOU--

--DON'T DO THIS--

--IS LOADED.

EVERYONE BACK AWAY NICE AND EASY. I'M WALKING!

NO ONE GETS HURT AND WE CAN PLAY THIS GAME SOME OTHER DAY IN SOME OTHER CITY--OKAY?!

JACK--DON'T MAKE THIS WORSE FOR YOURSELF--

IT CAN'T GET MUCH WORSE THAN THIS, LADY.

MAYBE NOT, MR. MONROE...

MY NAME IS JEREMIAH ALBUQUERQUE.

MY FRIENDS CALL ME *ALBIE*.

NO ONE HERE I WANT TO BE MY FRIEND EXCEPT *YOU*, JACK.

MY JOB IS TO ARBITRATE YOUR ABSOLUTION.

THAT'S A JOB YOU CAN ONLY DO IF I GOT ANYTHING WHICH *NEEDS* ABSOLVING, ALBIE.

... BUT IT *CAN* GET MUCH *BETTER*.

AH, JACK... WE CAN MOUTH PROTESTANT SEMANTICS ALL NIGHT LONG.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS --

-- WE'LL GET OFF YOUR BACK-- *FOREVER*-- IF YOU DO SOMETHING FOR US.

WHO DO YOU WANT *DEAD*, ALBIE ?

A MIAMI CRIMELORD YOU KNOW VERY WELL --

-- *ULYSSES LUGMAN* --

THE SLUG.

-- AND YOU'RE A *FREE MAN*, IN WORD AS WELL AS SPIRIT.

SELL MY SOUL ? GO AGAINST EVERYTHING I'M TRYING TO BE -- JUST TO MAKE THINGS EASIER FOR MYSELF ?

WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU GOING TO BE JACK ?

TIME TO FIND OUT.

WHERE DO I GO ?

NEXT: DEAD MAN'S HAND

NO NAME

GLENN HERDLING: EDITOR — MIKE LACKEY: BUCKY

C/O MARVEL COMICS — 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH — NEW YORK, NEW YORK — 10016

ATTENTION CORRESPONDENTS: ALL LETTERS TO BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS THOUGH WE WILL WITHHOLD THAT INFO BY REQUEST!

Whoa! When we asked for your suggestions for the title of our letters page, we never expected such a deluge of responses! I'd really like to thank you all, but especially those of you who took the time to critique NOMAD #1. Those were the responses we valued most. Out of the hundreds of great titles, the runners up were: *Wandering Thoughts, Baby Talk, No Mad Mail,* and *Want Ads.* A tip of the hat to Alan Lewis, who came up with 66 titles! The winners of our contest, however, were Nathan Kress of Hillsborough, NC and George Jason of Brick, NJ. Congratulations, guys! Your "Big Guns" poster and autographed first issue will be in your mailboxes soon, and you'll see your title at the top of this page next time. (Sorry, folks, but we didn't have time to come up with a nifty design yet!)

On with the mail. . .!

Wood shavings!

Glenn

Dear Creative Team of NOMAD,

I would like to congratulate you on a great first issue! In the future, I definitely hope to see some of those characters from the pages of Captain America--including Cap, USAgent, the Falcon, D-Man, and Vagabond. And perhaps you could have Battlestar become a partner for Nomad. Battlestar is an interesting character who hasn't been seen for a while, the ex-partner gig these two have might make for some interesting future storylines.

I have one concern. In the future, if Nomad gets into a firefight or brawl with some slimeball, have him put Bucky someplace safe, if possible. The baby would only hinder his movement and Nomad would place himself at unnecessary risk while protecting Bucky from injury. Congratulations again on a great comic!!!

Darin Smith
28925 Kentucky Rd.
Leisure City, FL 33033

Guest stars? Already? YOU BET!!! As you could tell by this issue, Darin, we have already placed Jack in conflict with USAgent, and you can be sure that they'll both be back at each others throats in the future.

Dear Nomad Creators,

I began reading comics about two years ago when I began to work at a comic book shop, and I just want to say, "I love Marvel Comics!" I discovered Nomad in the pages of CAPTAIN AMERICA, and I think there is a good chance that he will become the numero uno vigilante in the Marvel Universe!!! I want to see another Cap/Nomad team-up real soon. So until Nomad settles down, Make Mine Marvel!!!

Jon Landis
25447 Dover
Redford, MI 48239

Nomad, the toughest vigilante in the Marvel Universe? We like it, Jon, WE LIKE IT!!!

Dear Nomad People,

I've just got one thing to say to you about Nomad's new series--AWESOME! The characters are great!! Rebel without a cause meets Frank Castle!!! This story was unusually great for Mr. Knee-cheezy ("snicker"). Mr. Hawbaker's art was fantastic! I hope he and Mark McKenna stay together for a long time!!! Finally, I have but one request, please keep that 12-gauge out of Bucky's reach!

David Shiao
1009 Whalen Rd.
Penfield, NY 14526

Okay, David you caught us! We were having a little fun at Fabian's expense. His name is not pronounced "Knee-cheezy" as we led you to believe. The real pronunciation of Nicieza is "Nice & Easy!"

Hey Glenn,

Where to begin, where to begin?? Well, the map was very interesting, and the "Wanted" poster was spectacular!!! As far as the story is concerned, Fabian Nicieza did a great job on and with the "Favor Banker." I'm pleased that he's writing Jack as a wandering mercenary-for-hire type character, and I hope, in the course of his travels, he'll pass through Kentucky. The subplot involving Andie Sterman, Peter Gyrich, and the Commission on Superhuman Activities also looks interesting, and as the events unfold, I'll look to Giscard Epurer to intervene on Jack's behalf. Talk about cutting a deal with the Devil--WHOA!!!

Clarke Hawbaker's visuals were fantastic. I've been a big fan of this fellow's work since I first saw it back in Chicago during the summer of 1989. He's a nice guy, a gifted storyteller, and I hope he finally receives the recognition that he so richly deserves. Also, the tip of his hat to Mike Grell was a nice little inside joke and tribute.

Elvis Orten
17650 Dawson Rd.
Dawson Springs, KY 42408

Check out issue #3 of the NOMAD limited series, Elvis, and you'll see for yourself that Jack has already been through Kentucky--but that's not to say that he won't be back!

Dear NOMAD creative team,

Well, thanks for printing my letter and filling out the requests of myself and countless others who banded together, begged, pleaded, etc. You put Jack where he belongs. Like Fabian said in *"Comic Shop News"* recently, the coloring and the inking work very well together. It reminds me of that ever-popular limited series I was drooling over in '90. I just can't believe that you guys haven't used Clarke Hawbaker before this! This artwork is absolutely some of the best penciling I have ever seen!! It's right up there with Dale Keown's Hulk, Erik Larsen's Spider-Man, Jim Lee's X-Men, etc.! This is great stuff, and I'm already anticipating issue #2. This book will not be able to come out without me rushing to grab the first copy from the shelf. I've always wanted a monthly NOMAD book, and now that it's out, I'm very pleased. Well, good luck and RAMBLE ON!

Keith Moriarty
782 Old Homestead Hwy.
Richmond, NH 03470

A lot of folks have asked us about Clarke's pencils, Keith. As we saw the pages arrive one by one, we knew there had to be some way to share Clarke's pencils with all of you. The answer--the Nomad "Wanted" poster! Now all of you know what the creators of NOMAD get to feast their eyes on month after month!!!

Check out DAREDEVIL #307 for the first part of the "Dead Man's Hand" crossover and then...

Next Issue: ... ante up, when "Dead Man's Hand" continues in NOMAD #4! Everyone (and we do mean everyone!) is in Las Vegas and Nomad must confront Bushwacker and Deadpool!